

Mrs. Dutton and Mrs. Pine

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

Some Really Human Characters Are Presented While the Reader Is Permitted to Consider the Question Whether Good Cooking and Housekeeping Are After All the Prime Essentials of the Happy and Contented Household.

MRS. DUTTON had worked for various people before she came to Gloria Penrose, for ladies had treated her civilly and respected her leisure and appreciated her abilities—but they ran their own homes, and sooner or later this had always meant friction with the powerful spirit disguised in subservient gray mohair and white lawn. Gloria, after three days of amazed wonder if it were not too good to be true, had uttered an internal shout of joy and signed a check book full of blank checks.

"There! I'll give you another when that is used up," she explained. "Run the place your own way, but as if you were poor, you know. Poor but nice. Bring me my lunch on a tray and don't ever let anything come near me before 4 o'clock."

And, shutting the door of the studio, she had modeled a fountain that took the Oscar Reed prize at the spring exhibition and founded the steady prosperity of the past eight years.

When friends bewailed their household difficulties, Gloria said with blithe cruelty, "Get a Mrs. Dutton." She said it one night at a Sunday supper table and the man opposite looked up with a quick smile.

"Ah, get a Mrs. Pine," he said. "The topic hung pleasantly between them the rest of the meal. The minute they rose from the table Jim Lawrence was at Gloria's side.

"You tell me about Mrs. Pine and I'll tell you about Mrs. Dutton," she said instantly.

So they turned to a couch at the far end of the great studio and he told her about the fine woman who had managed his house and brought up his two motherless little boys, cooking and cleaning with a giant ease, yet insisting on table manners and small refinements that a man overlooks, keeping always her place, but so dignified that big boys now in college were not a shade less devoted to their Piney.

"She is like your next-door neighbor in a New England village," he explained. "A lady by refinement, yet simple, so that it doesn't embarrass you to have her in the kitchen. Good plain education, strong on morals and spelling."

"Polks," Gloria interpreted. "Exactly." A robust short-cut always gave him a laugh at himself. "Her only flaw is that she can't work with any one else and so—"

"Neither can Mrs. Dutton," Gloria put in, and they laughed over it, enjoyed it hugely. "And once when I had a trained nurse, the fellow there was so blither that I had to get well at once."

"Oh, I should never dare bring a nurse into the house with Piney," he admitted. "When Bobs had scarlet fever she consented to get in a week while she did the nursing, but she took care that it was a rather poor cook! She has the jolliest laugh in the world. When the boys and Piney get laughing together it's rather nice."

She understood with a curious pang a little like homesickness. "Mrs. Dutton doesn't mother me," she owns and exhibits me," she thought it out. "I am her career. And she has really made my career. She is like those efficient wives to whom successful men point—they owe it all to her."

"Is she folks, too?" He was genuinely interested in Mrs. Dutton. "Oh, no. Oh, never!" The idea made Gloria laugh. She had another short cut for him. "She isn't friendly, you know—she's Napoleon. She never laughs. She has such a well-bred voice that when she says 'The wash has gone, Miss Penrose,' you think she is being humorous."

Frank O'Brien then came up and wanted to know what was so amusing them. "Let me in on it," he begged. Gloria turned to him likingly and Jim Lawrence's heart missed a beat, but she did not tell.

"Oh, domestic life," she generalized. "Frank, do your colle story. Mrs. Lawrence—the one about the yellow dog."

So Frank did his Chinese act and Gloria laughed the way she listened—with all her heart and soul—and Jim Lawrence thought him a deadly bore. Mrs. Lawrence was at the front door to let her out and to cast a competent look over her handwork.

"There is dinner for three, Miss Penrose, but not for four," she said. "Three, but not for four," Gloria repeated with vague docility, then woke to understanding with a haughty, "Oh, I'm not going to bring home any one tonight, I don't feel like company."

"I can handle three," Mrs. Dutton repeated. But she cannot be stretched. And when there is dessert for three and six is brought home at the last minute, no one is satisfied.

"It isn't fair to you, Mrs. Dutton," Gloria agreed, warmly. "Only you always work such miracles that I get to imposing on you. I won't tonight."

Then the elevator bore her off, and Mrs. Dutton, savoring the rich reward that was her daily work, passed slowly through the apartment to see

what further miracles she could accomplish. Gloria's fountain had been rimmed with grass and tulips, and the glorious baby in the middle held his usual audience of touched women. A thrill of the old pleasure stirred in Gloria's drooping heart; the thing did have life, charm, humor. Then a warm, contralto voice drew her attention. "Isn't he the cutest little like!"

It was saying. A big woman in rich black silk of an ancient cut, her white head bonneted with black velvet and panache, white ruffles at her neck and wrists, was smiling on the fountain, her handsome, rustic face aglow with maternal tenderness.

"Don't he remind you of Bobs?" the hearty voice went on. "He was just such a little rascal. Remember—"

A shift in the crowd revealed her companion standing at the pool's edge, listening with amused detachment. Jim Lawrence's eyes, fixed on the fountain, were not critical or unkind—merely thoughtful; yet Gloria shrank away as though from jeers. Her cheeks burned while she stood blindly in front of a cord, black brook that had been flowing between banks of violet-snow at every academy exhibition since she could remember.

Then she heard her name spoken quickly, gladly, and Lawrence was greeting her with anything but scorn. He was even touchingly happy at the meeting. Gloria, lifted so suddenly out of her prostration, shone on him.

"How is Mrs. Dutton?" he asked at once. "Splendid. At the height of her powers," Gloria said, and they laughed over all that expressed to them both.

"I brought Mrs. Pine with me; she adores pictures," he glanced over his shoulder to see that Mrs. Pine was all right. "You must meet her."

"Oh, I want to," Gloria exclaimed, but they only moved on to the next picture, and stood before it looking happily at each other.

"She is enthusiastic about your fountain," he went on, thinking to give pleasure. Gloria flushed.

"You hated it," she said cheerfully. "I've begun to hate it myself." He was surprised. There was no fluster of denial, and she saw that he had not really been scorning her work.

"Your workmanship is extraordinary," he said. "I want to get into a broader field. I have been too contented where I was," she explained. "It is a dreadful limitation to be born loving to laugh and to be fond of people."

"I would rather have your laugh in the world than some sculpture," he observed. "I haven't yet tried your food."

He paused suggestively. "Mrs. Dutton has enough for three tonight, but not for four," she told him gravely. "Chops won't stretch, if you and Mrs. Pine—"

"Oh, I think we will let Piney go home. Unless you consider a chaparral."

"Chaparral! Wait till you see Mrs. Dutton," she said, and Lawrence laughed out so joyously that Mrs. Pine, covertly watching, smiled over him with eyes tenderly misted, then took pains to lose herself in the crowd.

"You must meet Mrs. Pine," he said again, and they made a feint of looking for her.

"Mrs. Dutton occurred to me to take to Mrs. Dutton to parties," Gloria sounded worried.

"Ah, well, Piney is very lonely without the boys. I take her to everything I can. It is so easy," he added with mild scorn for himself. "Easy to be nice to lonely, elderly people?" Gloria shook her bright head. "Either you are very good, or you're very old."

"Or very lazy," he suggested. "You see, I am always a success with Piney. I don't have to lift a finger."

"Are you working very hard with me now?" she wanted to know. He sought the exact truth. "No, but I am nervous. You have a splendid—I don't see how I can hope to keep up with you for very long."

SHE bent forward to examine a picture of three dull-looking ladies drinking tea with much detail; the chints of the hangings was especially well reproduced.

"Three old Dutch peasants drinking tea can be so beautiful," she said regretfully. Then she looked back at him with amused candor. "I don't believe you will find me much harder than Mrs. Pine."

"It's worth trying, then?" "Oh, I should say so; very well worth it."

Lawrence straightened up as though he threw off half a dozen years. And then he patiently took them on again, for Frank O'Brien roared, bearing gladly down on Gloria.

Lawrence excused himself to hunt up Mrs. Pine and followed blindly where she led, answering her comments with a jerky vagueness that presently brought a mischievous smile into the kind face.

"I declare, I've taken in all I can," she said very soon. "I know that's meant for a cliff, but it looks to me for all the world like a fine three-rib roast with the outside slice cut off for Bobs. I guess I better go home."

"You must meet Miss Penrose first," the lady who made the fountain, Lawrence said, suddenly roused to attention.

He led the way through the rooms to a bench where Gloria and Frank O'Brien worshipped what was only a pile of peaches to the crowd, but was to them a little miracle in the laying on of paint.

Gloria's quick rising to meet Mrs. Pine seemed to leave O'Brien out of it, and when Lawrence turned to escort Mrs. Pine to the door, Gloria's direct, "You will come back for me here?" eliminated poor Frank forever. They were scarcely aware that he excused himself.

When the crowd thinned, they exchanged their bench for a taxi with no consciousness of interruption. Mrs. Dutton's perfect little dinner passed in the same absorbed exploration. Every miraculous moment turned up some fresh charm or value in one or the other.

Mrs. Dutton served them at first with a startled stiffness, then with a gradual relenting, a thoughtful consideration of Lawrence's pleasant person. By dessert she had an air of brisk interest, and when she carried their coffee to the studio fire, she took a survey of the apartment as though canvassing for a possible extra room. She undoubtedly planned the wedding breakfast before she said, "Mrs. Dutton stood for good night, her hand in both of Jim Lawrence's."

"We're mad," she stammered. "Perfectly crazy. Life isn't like this. It won't be true in the morning."

"I'll come and find out," he said. *****

THERE was never a moment when it was not true—gloriously, singingly true. Gloria was working furiously, and Jim Lawrence looked on with an arrested stillness, as though a revelation were at hand. And then one day he took a sheet of paper and drew a plan of his queer little house down in an old corner of the city, as he had told her about Bobs and Chris and the series of critical articles he was writing on modern painters. But this plan brought a secret smile that presently drew her down beside him.

"What is it?" she demanded. "The studio we are going to build on my back yard," he said, and pointed out its many charms.

Gloria listened with a troubled brow. "Why, I hadn't thought about moving," she said slowly. He was only amused. "You have thought about marrying me, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes. Daily. But some—suppose I took it for granted that you would come here."

"With two boys and Mrs. Pine?" He was still smiling. "Come down and see my funny little house. You will like it."

"Oh, I know. This apartment doesn't matter. But Jim," her voice faltered—"Mrs. Dutton."

He fought against understanding. "Well, Piney will have to submit to some help, with a lady in the house," he said, sketching the studio's fireplace.

A heavy silence crushed his brave lightness. "Do you see Mrs. Dutton helping Mrs. Pine?" Gloria asked at last.

He took refuge in authority. "My good Gloria, they have to make some concessions to our lives!"

"Yes, but will they?" She spoke eagerly. "And it isn't just that I

can't get along without Mrs. Dutton—though I don't see how I could. It is what I owe her and what she has done for me. I could no more turn her off—"

"Well, Mrs. Pine is one of the family; she is for life." That seemed to settle it for him, and a chill fell on the atmosphere.

"Mrs. Pine thought you were perfectly lovely," she said so every day," he countered.

She gave it up with a forlorn laugh. "Well, half of the year I will live with you and your Piney, and the other half you can live here with me, and Mrs. Dutton," she proposed.

"What we must do is bring them together and let them work it out for themselves," he declared. "They both know, without telling, what is going on. We must find some excuse for sending Mrs. Dutton down to the house and leave them together."

"And when we open the door, there will be just a little pile of fur and a heap of feathers," Gloria prophesied.

She had no hope, but she helped him find the excuse. The following day Mrs. Dutton was to take down a note and wait for an answer, which should be judiciously delayed. Mrs. Pine meanwhile would eat tea.

AT half-past six the next night Gloria telephoned from a drug store. "I don't think you'd better come up this evening, Jim." Her voice was furtive, depressed and his answer came back muffled: "No, I don't think I can go out."

"A wonderful tea," she whispered. There was a sigh that sounded like "Pretty bad!" and then communication was cut off. Gloria's evening meal was placed still before her.

"I can't stand hurting her like that," Gloria said to Jim. "It's like taking my happiness over her head body. I am so guilty I can't look her in the face. We shall have to see each other somewhere else."

And Jim wrote back: "Piney's eyes are red and swollen and her kind old mouth is latched with a knot of trembling, and she has asked me what it costs to get into an old ladies' home. I laughed at the idea of her ever leaving me, but I couldn't reassure her. She said that 'circumstances' might change, and then I heard her sob in the hall. I feel like a bound dog. I must stay by, evenings. Can you meet me somewhere for tea?"

They met for tea, but the shadow was heavy on them both. "Mrs. Dutton asked me if I would be willing to give her a letter of reference, in case she had to find a new place," Gloria said at once. "Jim, I cried! But she only grew stonier and deadlier. She has literally lived for me. I can't let her leave. I have told her so."

He was no longer denying the ease of their problem. "I certainly can't let her go," he said sorrowfully. "Why don't we elope—run over to Europe for three months and wrestle with it when we get back?" He almost meant it.

"Merry three months we'd have with that ahead of us," she pointed out. "Besides, we couldn't treat them like that. If we are going to marry it is to decent, to tell them. You would certainly tell the boys."

"If" he repeated, hurt eyes on her's. "But, Jim, what can we do?" Her voice was a smothered wail. "I can't say to them, 'You have got to live together, and that's that.' It would be like telling the irresistible force to lie down with the immovable object. And there we are—"

He tried it over from the outside: "They married me, and then I heard their respective big girls were opposed. It would not sound very sensible in our biographies."

"They didn't give it up. But they waited and perhaps time found a way for them," she amended so sadly with her hand to her eyes under the tea table.

"I will wait, dear. I will do anything in reason," he promised, and so brought back a faint glow from their quenched joy, but the topic would not let them escape long.

"Heaven knows I like to know what they said to each other," he exclaimed suddenly; "how they found each other out! It must have been a tremendous interview." Even in his trouble he could get a literary enjoyment from the vision of the meeting, but Gloria could only suffer.

"Oh, poor old Dutton! To give you any and get back so little! Jim, it isn't fair. We have each other somewhere ahead. We can be patient."

"But I have gone without you for so long," he said, and so rarely broke her heart. *****

SHE met him daily for tea, but she came home alone for a solitary dinner, and worked furiously in the empty evenings, refusing all invitations. And Jim stayed by in the lonely little house, paying daily his great debt of gratitude, taking Mrs. Pine to court, and like to know how to move and moving pictures that he did not see. The two households were reduced to a dead level of silent gloom.

Mrs. Dutton, after days of bleakness, suddenly took a turn for the better. The house was no longer more exquisite than ever in her devoted service. Gloria had an unhappy sense of sinking deeper and deeper into her debt. It was a relief when the housekeeper took her afternoon out. Once she asked for a whole day, and Gloria, who had been gone, flew to the telephone. Before she could call Jim he rang up.

"Mrs. Pine is off for the day," he began, and her ringing "So is Mrs. Dutton!" brought a burst of the old laughter. "I will be right up," he promised.

Spring was on the world, but they revealed in a day of home. Mrs. Dutton had left luncheon delicately prepared—a meal surely designed for two, though they were too absorbed to think of that. The door was slammed on their trouble and the day was all utter joy in each other. They

could not believe the clock when it thrust the time on their notice. "I must run home; Piney will be getting back," Jim said, starting up, but parting was harder than ever. "Piney is happier lately, in a gentle, excited sort of way," he told it as he felt good news, but Gloria shivered. "So is Mrs. Dutton. Oh, Jimmy, I'm afraid it only means that they are growing reassured," she said miserably. "They think the danger is blowing over."

They clung to each other as though they were being dragged apart. Then a door shut somewhere in the apartment and Jim fled.

Mrs. Dutton came to the studio door. She spoke in her usual tone of calm, dry statement. "But I have an opening. A very capable woman I know has taken the management of an inn for the summer and she wants me to run the dining room while she attends to the kitchen. Each will have her own part of the house and share alike in the profits. We went down and seen it today and signed the papers."

She paused for comment, but Gloria could find no words. "The inn is small but refined—chintzes, Mrs. Dutton offered. "Also swimming and canoeing. Some of its

patrons have went there for seven years."

"Well—of course—if it is what you want," Gloria said. "And if you are sure the other woman—"

"She stands very high, ma'am," Mrs. Dutton turned to go. "We have had long talks, and we understand each other. She has acted as housekeeper for your friend Mr. Lawrence as feebly good news, but Gloria shivered."

"Have I—hurt you, Mrs. Dutton?" Gloria faltered. "Oh, no, ma'am. You have always been goodness itself." That also was a calm statement of fact. "But I have an opening. A very capable woman I know has taken the management of an inn for the summer and she wants me to run the dining room while she attends to the kitchen. Each will have her own part of the house and share alike in the profits. We went down and seen it today and signed the papers."

She paused for comment, but Gloria could find no words. "The inn is small but refined—chintzes, Mrs. Dutton offered. "Also swimming and canoeing. Some of its

patrons have went there for seven years."

"Well—of course—if it is what you want," Gloria said. "And if you are sure the other woman—"

"She stands very high, ma'am," Mrs. Dutton turned to go. "We have had long talks, and we understand each other. She has acted as housekeeper for your friend Mr. Lawrence as feebly good news, but Gloria shivered."

"Have I—hurt you, Mrs. Dutton?" Gloria faltered. "Oh, no, ma'am. You have always been goodness itself." That also was a calm statement of fact. "But I have an opening. A very capable woman I know has taken the management of an inn for the summer and she wants me to run the dining room while she attends to the kitchen. Each will have her own part of the house and share alike in the profits. We went down and seen it today and signed the papers."

She paused for comment, but Gloria could find no words. "The inn is small but refined—chintzes, Mrs. Dutton offered. "Also swimming and canoeing. Some of its

patrons have went there for seven years."

"Well—of course—if it is what you want," Gloria said. "And if you are sure the other woman—"

"She stands very high, ma'am," Mrs. Dutton turned to go. "We have had long talks, and we understand each other. She has acted as housekeeper for your friend Mr. Lawrence as feebly good news, but Gloria shivered."

"Have I—hurt you, Mrs. Dutton?" Gloria faltered. "Oh, no, ma'am. You have always been goodness itself." That also was a calm statement of fact. "But I have an opening. A very capable woman I know has taken the management of an inn for the summer and she wants me to run the dining room while she attends to the kitchen. Each will have her own part of the house and share alike in the profits. We went down and seen it today and signed the papers."

She paused for comment, but Gloria could find no words. "The inn is small but refined—chintzes, Mrs. Dutton offered. "Also swimming and canoeing. Some of its

patrons have went there for seven years."

"Well—of course—if it is what you want," Gloria said. "And if you are sure the other woman—"

"She stands very high, ma'am," Mrs. Dutton turned to go. "We have had long talks, and we understand each other. She has acted as housekeeper for your friend Mr. Lawrence as feebly good news, but Gloria shivered."

"Have I—hurt you, Mrs. Dutton?" Gloria faltered. "Oh, no, ma'am. You have always been goodness itself." That also was a calm statement of fact. "But I have an opening. A very capable woman I know has taken the management of an inn for the summer and she wants me to run the dining room while she attends to the kitchen. Each will have her own part of the house and share alike in the profits. We went down and seen it today and signed the papers."

She paused for comment, but Gloria could find no words. "The inn is small but refined—chintzes, Mrs. Dutton offered. "Also swimming and canoeing. Some of its

patrons have went there for seven years."

"Well—of course—if it is what you want," Gloria said. "And if you are sure the other woman—"

"She stands very high, ma'am," Mrs. Dutton turned to go. "We have had long talks, and we understand each other. She has acted as housekeeper for your friend Mr. Lawrence as feebly good news, but Gloria shivered."

"Have I—hurt you, Mrs. Dutton?" Gloria faltered. "Oh, no, ma'am. You have always been goodness itself." That also was a calm statement of fact. "But I have an opening. A very capable woman I know has taken the management of an inn for the summer and she wants me to run the dining room while she attends to the kitchen. Each will have her own part of the house and share alike in the profits. We went down and seen it today and signed the papers."



"DON'T HE REMIND YOU OF BOBS?" THE HEARTY VOICE WENT ON. GLORIA SHOOK HER HEAD AS THOUGH FROM JEERS.

together with us, Gloria, why on earth—"

Suddenly she saw further. "Oh, but this was delicate, this was fine. They knew we couldn't sacrifice one to the other. So they both go, to leave us free. And they have gone together, so as to learn how—dividing the kingdom between them. Jimmy, they care as much as that!"

His mind leaped back to his difficult talk with Mrs. Pine. "They saw how they were hurting us, and Piney couldn't stand it," he worked it out. "She must have come to Mrs. Dutton—heavens, what an interview! I wish I could have heard it."

Gloria had no literary appreciations. "Oh, no! It must have hurt horribly. But Mrs. Dutton met her half-way, Jimmy."

"Oh, yes. Oh, they are big, they are splendid, Gloria! We shall get them back in time."

"But meanwhile!" She sounded lost, frightened. "I don't know how to hire cooks and run houses," she faltered. "You will be so disappointed in me."

He had a triumphant solution. His hands closed on her shoulders. "We will spend the summer at the inn!" he cried. "We will beg them to take us."

And so they fell into each other's arms. "We are very clever and gifted, you and I, Jimmy," she said later, from his shoulder. "But are we really worthy of Mrs. Dutton and Mrs. Pine?"

They will never know it," he pointed out. (Copyright, 1924.)

New Chicago Bible Upsets Paris Cooks

PARIS, January 10.

IF the cable tells the truth, the new Chicago Bible revolutionizes all our Paris ideas of "stew." It is reported as saying that Jacob gave Esau a stew instead of "red noddies of lentils," as the King James Bible has it. Here in Paris we hope the Illinois translator has used the word "stew" of the "savory kid" which Jacob gave to his father, Isaac, and so supplanted his elder brother Esau, who came too late with savory venison.

French cooks, like Noah Webster, know that a stew is "meat gently boiled with a simmering heat," and they also dish up red lentils which are boiled but can never make a stew by themselves. They have the prophet Ezekiel on their side—for he, when the Lord told him to lie on his side 390 days, had to prepare food accordingly: "Wheat and barley and beans and lentils and millet and fitches."

All these he got into one pot, but he considered what he got out of it only "bread." A French cook would also put them all into a pot, but it would be about a piece of meat—and he would dish out a "ragout."

Ragouts and kickshaws when used by the pet aversion of Frenchmen when they are confronted with French cooking. "Take all that summery away and give me a beefsteak." As to Irish stews, they, too, are frequent in Paris restaurants, but it is diplomatic here to leave any discussion of them to the new Free State parliament.

"What's into French stew?" as they say of Scotch haggis, which is also a sheep mixture, but too explosive to agree with prohibition. The French mutton ragout may be washed down with the lightest wine or water, or even with tea.

It is not any sort of mutton your butcher may give you that is fit to go into it. In cheap boarding houses you cut from the shoulder, and with long simmering and proper vegetables, it may be palatable. But that will never be a dainty dish to set before a king. A Paris clubman whose father was a general told me how his mother went about it—for old-fashioned people in France never thought it beneath them to pay long and close attention to cooking.

Settle first on the amount of meat you and yours wish to eat in the ragout and divide it in your mind into three parts. If it is in three pounds but one pound, shoulder—not more—one pound of breast and one pound of chops, first cut. That may be expensive just for a stew, but, if it is to be a satisfactory work of art and confound the British beef-eater, it must be regardless of expense. My own cook economizes by making the

whole stew out of chops, first cut—one for each eater.

The quality of the meat being thus secured, the next thing is to choose the vegetables to simmer with it in the stewpot. Noah Webster, who wrote his dictionary on the corner of the kitchen table, to profit by the fire in cold weather, and so saw what good cooking meant to the women of the American revolution, says: "Such vegetables are added to stews to increase their nutritive qualities or to give them flavor." The French cook thinks of both things.

One of his ragouts has a historic name—for he has nearly as many kinds of ragout as he has omelets. The "Navarin" appears frequently on Paris bills of fare and its name comes somehow from the famous battle of Navarino. That was won in 1827 by the allies of that time—France, Eng-

land and Russia—over the Turks and the Greeks and the Greeks are still having it, but the French ragout is victorious. It is the simplest of all—just potatoes and beans simmering with the mutton.

If you like variety, you take young carrots and turnips, half and half, which makes an agreeable mixture. Sometimes green peas are tossed into the simmering broth, for decorative purposes, I think. You may put into your stew all these and all those of the Prophet Ezekiel, provided they stew uniformly while keeping their shapes and catching up the flavor of the mutton. They must not add a strong flavor of their own. Cabbage goes into many made dishes of French cooking, but not into ragouts. Go mildly, too, with parsley,

of which Noah Webster speaks, and other aromatic herbs.

Are French stews too rich for high-brow stomachs? I don't believe a word of it—even the gently permeating fat of the mutton cannot make it so. And then—think of the advantage—the falset of teeth and no teeth at all can masticate this savory meat. Such must have been the fleshpots in the land of Egypt for which the children of Israel longed vainly.

There is a last loving kindness of the French ragout. Those of us who otherwise would eat overmuch meat are tempted by the savory filling vegetables simmered and seethed and sod with it. And those of us who eat no meat at all imbibe its substantial essence in the mixed potage.

STERLING HE